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Rudolph Valentino

DO STARS LIKE PERSONAL APPEARANCES?

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

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Do Stars Like Personal Appearances?

"Presidential candidates don't have anything on film stars when it comes to being entertained," DOUGLAS MacLEAN confides to DOROTHY DONNELL.

"D'JU see him yet? 'Zat him there in the checked cap wit' the spats? Say, you're cuckoo! Quit shoving! See, that's him getting off now! Looks exactly like he did in 'Broadway Kid'! Lemme see him! Move over, will ya? He's smiling! He's waving his hand! Quit shoving! Yes, they say he gets a hundred fan letters a day. I'm gonna see if I can snip off one of his buttons for my collection—I got seven movie stars' buttons already! Say-y-y, will you quit shoving?"

The screen star, who has come to Gopher Prairie to appear in person at the opening of his new picture at the Grand Palace Theatre on Main Street, descends from the Pullman steps, cream-colored fedora lifted gracefully, and is immediately swallowed up by the suffocating embrace of the crowd. Whiffs of carnation, jockey club, Parma violet and all the drug-store blooms assault his nostrils. Hands seize his. Voices shout his name. Pretty girls smile at him. Small boys clasp his knees. Dogs bark frantically. His bag is torn from his grip. A dozen kodaks register his famous features. Bruised and breathless, he is catapulted into the Mayor's automobile decorated with American flags and bunting and driven off to be lunched by the Rotarians.

Such is Fame! The American people are noted for being enthusiastic welcomers—they are never too busy to drop their work and rush to the station to greet presidential dates, foreign novelists, acqu murderesses, the Prince of Wale other celebrities, but their most vociferous welcome is reserved for heroes and heroines of the silver screen.

"Well, if my experience was typical, practically every one in the next generation will be able to boast that in his extreme youth he was kissed by a motion picture actor," smiled Douglas.

Recently Charlie Chaplin and Herbert Hoover arrived in Chicago on the same train to find an immense mob waiting at the station. Was it there to pay tribute to the man whose work saved the lives of several million people during the war and kept our army fed? As soon as Charlie's well-known features appeared, with a rush and a roar every mother's son of that huge crowd was off, bearing the comedian on his shoulders and leaving Mr. Hoover to carry his own grip to a hired taxicab!

Next to a famous gunman or a lady who put cyanide into her husband's tea because he wouldn't admire her new hat, picture stars attract more attention than any other brand of celebrity. Do they enjoy it? we wondered, and when we wonder about anything we ask somebody who knows.

The Somebody in this case was Douglas MacLean, who has recently returned from a personal-appearance tour of the

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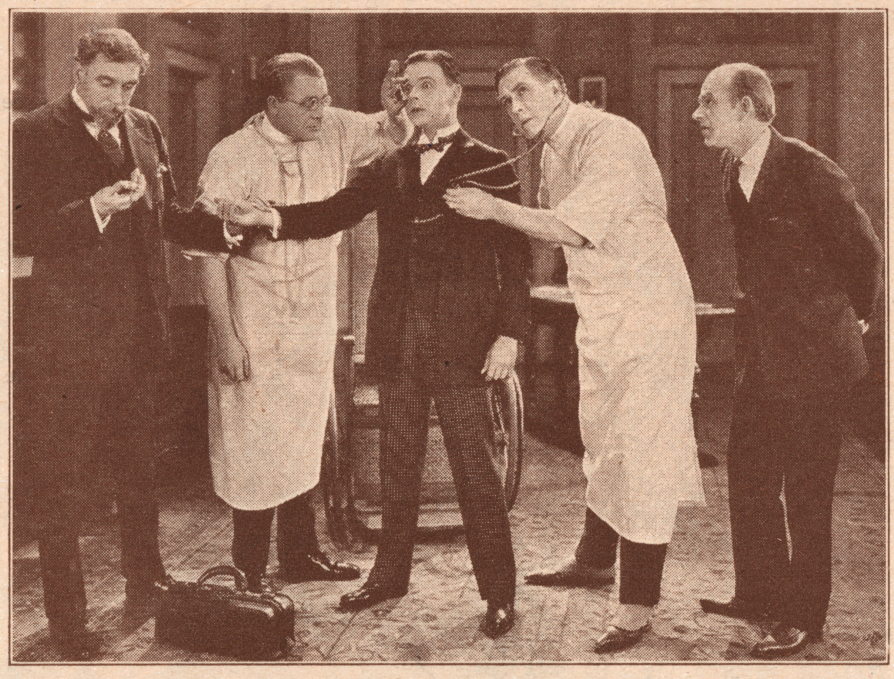
United States. He is not one of the "baby" stars who find public notice so thrilling that they ride around Los Angeles with banners bearing their names in huge letters draped about their automobiles. He is not one of those temperamental recruits from the speaking stage, who complain piteously that they cannot work without the stimulus of applause. At home in Beverly Hills he lives as simply as any suburbanite and regards his work as a business.



"Physically, personal appearances are not good for the stars. I came back from my tour a perfect wreck."

From Douglas MacLean, then, we could hope to get unbiased opinions. What, we asked him, was his idea about personal appearances — were they a good thing for the stars?

"If you mean physically," said he with deep feeling, "they are not. I came back from that tour a perfect wreck and my wife says that for weeks afterward I would start up in my sleep crying, 'Is this Pentonville or is it Keokuk?' or muttering, 'This wonderful welcome from the inhabitants of your fair city!' I shook a million hands, more or less, and as for the babies—well, if my experience was typical practically every one in the next generation will be able to boast that in his extreme youth he was kissed by a motion picture actor!"

Presidential candidates don't have anything on film stars when it comes to being entertained, according to Douglas. An advance agent has preceded him by several days, and when he finally arrives at a station it is to find that all the feminine wardrobes in town have been refurbished, all the masculine frock coats have been taken out of mothballs and there has been a severe mortality among frying chickens.

The day of a picture star on a personal appearance tour starts with a few rounds with the Mayor on the links of "Our new golf course built at a cost of fifty thousand dollars." After that comes a ride through "Our thriving little city," taking in the pickle factory and the "New county poor farm"; then lunch at the Chamber of Commerce, a lawn party to meet the members of the High School, afternoon tea with some social leader, dinner with the Mayor, the theatre and a speech, and after that a dance in the Elks' Hall with the Fireman's Band and chicken salad, then supper at the home of the literary lady of the town, who once had a scenario returned by Griffith.

To be sure, the program sometimes varies. It may be the Kiwanis Club that lunches him, and —if he is a star whose pictures have always been clean and uplifting —perhaps the pastor of the First Congregational Church will ask him to address the Young Men's Class. There will be a great many pictures taken of the Famous Star shaking hands with the Mayor and the Mayoress, or standing on the steps of the "New City Hall (cost one hundred thousand dollars)," or he will write his autograph several hundred times for pretty girls who tell him they "just adored him when he hit the villain in 'Broken Vows,'" and answer the following remarks:

"Why, you look just like anybody!"

"I suppose after the thrilling times you have in Hollywood this little place seems awfully tame to you!"

"I'd know you anywhere from your pictures!"

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"I wouldn't recognize you from your pictures."

"Tell me, are the movies really awfully immoral?"

He learns to smile sweetly when some citizen informs him that he always goes to the theatre when they have one of his pictures, and then goes on to name several pictures in which he did not appear. In fact, he smiles all the time, until his face feels stiff and the smile hurts like a toothache. He consumes lobster salad until he feels that he can never look a lobster in the face again. He piteously begs his manager to call off the hospitality until he can get a good night's sleep.

"Oh, can't do that!" says the manager, consulting his notebook. "Le's see—in Fayette Mills they've got up a street parade with you riding at the head with the City Council, and the schools have declared a holiday. You simply can't break up their plans. And afterwards you speak at the Women's Drama Circle. Can't break that engagement or they'd taboo your pictures. And then lunch at the Grand Hotel. It's been ordered and you can't back out now—and then, le's see——"

"They're all so frightfully kind!" MacLean smiled ruefully. "They want to show us a good time. I really believe that motive comes before their curiosity to look at us. But that element enters in, too. You feel sometimes as though you were something in a zoo with hundreds of eyes staring at you."

After several weeks of being the center of attraction, always on exhibition, fêted, flattered, cheered, presented with bouquets by little girls in blue ribbons and starched white dresses, a picture star is in danger of getting mental indigestion as well as physical. He either begins to wonder whether he really isn't a pretty fine fellow after all, or else he loses all respect for the good sense of the American public.

"If you'll just remember that it's a matter of business you'll be all right," says Douglas MacLean. "Personal appearances help the popularity of the player's pictures. People get to feel as though they know you and they root for your films ever afterward.

"It's a natural instinct to want to see some one you've heard of. We movie people have it as much as any one else. When I'm in a New York restaurant and some one says, 'Oh, there's Hayward Broun,' or 'George Jean Nathan coming in,' I always turn around in my chair and stare as hard as any one."

When he made a personal appearance in Washington, D. C., he was invited to the White House by President Harding. For one entire day he was in a blue funk. What on earth should he say? How should he act? In New Orleans and Kansas City he had been a celebrity himself; in Washington, D. C., he felt exceedingly humble as to his attainments. But Harding put him at his ease at once by talking about the pictures of his he had seen and proved that he was as ardent a movie fan as any one in the United States.

Who says dogs haven't a sense of humor? Peter Patch bursts right out laughing when Master Doug tries a new gag out on him.

"They killed him with kindness on his last tour," MacLean shook his head. "Americans are unmercifully hospitable!"

Only once did he find an excuse which could obtain him a good night's sleep. For two days before his arrival in New Orleans his advance agent was waylaid and pestered by a man claiming to be Douglas MacLean's cousin.

"Cousin!" sneered the manager derisively. "Yeah, I'll bet you're his cousin! Say, he's had relatives in every place we've stopped, and come to find out they all wanted to sell him something. Say if you're his cousin, I'm the Japanese heir apparent!"

What was his consternation on the arrival of MacLean to see the star greet the persistent relative as "Cousin Will!" Where pleas of headaches had had no weight, the excuse of "kinfolk' got him a night off from hospitality.

"There was one mitigating circumstance about my trip," says MacLean. "Although I'm supposed to be a comedian I am not a 'stunt' actor, and nobody expected me to shin up the Methodist steeple. "I'd hate to be in Ben Turpin's shoes when he goes on tour!"

HIS FORGOTTEN WIFE

(F. B. O. Film)

Adapted from WILL LAMBERT'S STORY by WILL LAMBERT and DEL ANDREWS

Directed by WILLIAM SEITER

Adapted from the Photoplay by

FRANCES SMITH DEAN

THE PLAYERS:

Suzanne.....*Madge Bellamy*
John Rolfe.....*Warner Baxter*
Judge Henry.....*Tom Guise*
Corinne McRea.....*Maude Wayne*

HE lay moaning in the American Red Cross Hospital in Paris, conscious of only two things: that the sweetest, most bewitching face he had ever seen bent over at him at intervals asking in quaintly accented English:

"Will Monsieur l'Americaine have ze glass of water?" or "Ees it any clearer *aujuord-hui*, zat darkened memory?"

And that since that zero hour when they went over the top, in the face of Fritzi's fire, he could remember nothing about himself except the stabbing pain of his wounds.

That he was a member of the A. E. F. went without saying, but when the ambulance corps had brought him in, more dead than alive, even his uniform had been unrecognizably rent and torn by the exploding shell, so that no one at the hospital headquarters could guess either his rank, division or commanding officer. As he fought his way back to health and strength, the American soldier felt as though he would go mad unless some clue to his identity could be found. The one oasis in the dreary waste of his mind was the winsome face of the little French nurse, and every day the nameless patient looked forward with more and more eager anticipation to her appearance.

As for Suzanne, who through the long years of the war had almost forgotten that the world held any other duties than those of easing the pain of wounded Poilus and doughboys and soothing the last moments of the dying, the pale, handsome face and haunting eyes that mutely pleaded for help had transformed all her dreams. Instead of an impersonal dedication to suffering humanity in general, Suzanne now lived only to serve this one pathetic American soldier.

Suzanne was inconsolable. Probably that woman downstairs was right. The soldier-servant-husband was in reality miles above her in station—and she loved him so!

"But, alas, nevaire will he get well until he shall know what is his name!"

Over and over again she besought the busy colonel attached to the Bureau of Missing Records to search through his files just once more, but all to no avail. At last, as the weeks brought to the worried patient no ray of hope, a desperate scheme evolved in the brain of the devoted little French girl. Surely, when so much depended upon it, there could be no harm in a bit of deception. Once her soldier was assured of his identity his recovery would be practically complete. Why, then, could she not substitute the name of some dead soldier from the file of "Killed in Action" for that nameless card in the drawer marked "Unknown Wounded."

Suzanne did not even take the colonel into her confidence that day when she feverishly carried out her plan. It was straight to the wounded American, now sufficiently convalescent to limp up and down the terraced garden, that she brought the substituted bit of cardboard.

"Look, Monsieur l'Americaine!" she cried excitedly. "I have find you. You are ze Mister John Rolfe, of New York. Before you have enlist you are ze bookkeeper. And see, alas, you are single! Also you are wizzout relatifs—ze card she say so!"

"Say all that again," shouted the delighted patient, "especially that stuff about my civil status."

Suzanne's pretty eyes registered puzzled confusion. Her protégé laughed like a hilarious schcoolboy.

"What I mean, Suzanne, is that I want to hear from your own lips that I'm a single man—that I'm free to marry. Then I want to hear you say you'll be my wife. Will you, little nurse? You must have seen that I'm crazy about you."

Suzanne laid her fluffy head on the broad shoulders of her now fully recovered patient.

"Zat makes eet what you call ze unanimouse," she purred.

A few days later "John Rolfe" and his French wife were on their way to the former's native land.

"Of course, Suzanne, I can't give you what I'd like to in the way of a home until I land a job," the bridegroom warned, "but if I'm a bookkeeper it won't be hard to get something. Strange, I can't seem to remember a thing about figures and debits and credits and all that."

"Nevaire min'," soothed Suzanne. "Eet will come back to you wiz a little practis'. An' don' forget that Suzanne, she ees fine modiste. Eef you cannot *tout de suite* find work, *certainement* I can mak' much money for us both."

"Nothing doing!" John put his foot down at once. "I'm not going to lay back and let my wife support me."

But the same disillusioning experience came to John Rolfe that had come to some tens of thousands of other doughboys who had returned before him. All the really good jobs had been taken and were still held down by the fellows who had stayed at home. As the weeks dragged on their little hoard dwindled alarmingly, despite Suzanne's miraculous management and French thrift. The howling of the wolf could be plainly heard outside the door of their light-housekeeping rooms.

Then at last John secured a position.

"It's assistant bookkeeper in a broker's office," he told his little wife proudly. "Now our troubles are over."

But when, after his first hectic morning of floundering through routine that seemed as meaningless and foreign as an unknown tongue, John was summoned to the office of the manager he decided that his real difficulties had only just begun.

"Did you ever keep books before?" asked Mr. Gregg, the manager, incredulously.

"Why, I suppose so," answered John. "That's what they had down as my occupation on my card."

"But don't you *know?*" Gregg was growing impatient.

As coherently as he could the man who had sacrificed so much in the service of his country told of the reason for his lapse of memory. When he had finished his chief coughed in embarrassment.

"It's too bad, of course. This firm likes to give the ex-soldiers a square deal, but we can't have our accounts all balled up. You'll have to find another job, Rolfe. And if you take my advice, you'll try anything else rather than bookkeeping."

Suzanne's face was a study when her husband reported his failure to make good in his "former occupation." In France every one knew how to keep books. She had supposed that in the United States it was the same. But evidently she had been mistaken. However, with characteristic decision she wasted no more time on a back number. Seizing the newspaper, she turned to the section of want ads devoted to domestic help.

"Ze Elite Employment Agency, he wish a butler and lady's maid at once," she announced triumphantly. "Zat ees what you call ze sof' snap."

"Great Scott, Suzanne. You surely don't mean to palm me off on some helpless millionaire as a butler," asked John in consternation.

"Eet ees nossing. To buttle, all zat ees necessaire ees what you call ze icy stare an' ze stiff neck. Look, I show you."

Suzanne rose and gave a striking imitation of a butler receiving the card of a caller, while John bent double with laughter.

But, preposterous as the scheme sounded, he had to admit that it was their only hope, and a few mornings later found them being bundled off by a curt employment manager with half a dozen other servants for the Long Island estate that had sent in a S. O. S. call for a full staff of domestics. John was to go as second man," his wife as lady's maid.

"How eet ees beautiful," enthused Suzanne, as the hired taxi rolled up a lovely winding drive and halted before an imposing country mansion. "To leeve here, in ze fresh country air and ze lovely scenery—but we weel be happy, *n'est-ce pas?*"

The supercilious housekeeper, who was already beginning to impress upon the other new servants the importance of her position, turned and surveyed Suzanne curiously. Then she continued her conversation with the butler.

"Very romantic, Mr. Briggs, as I was saying. This estate belonged to Major Donald Allen, who was killed while fighting in France. He left it to his fianceé, together with all his fortune. She is a Miss McRea, a swell society girl, one of the swagger kind. They say Judge Henry, who was named in Major Allen's will as trustee, has no use for her and has never been reconciled to the fact that she took possession of the premises the very day the death of her fiancé was reported in the papers. They do say," she added impressively, "that she's carrying on something scandalous—flirting and spending the Allen millions like a drunken sailor. But this week will see the biggest jamboree yet—sort of public celebration of her coming into all that money."

Having reached the servants' entrance, John and Suzanne were directed to go up to the room reserved for them and at once don their service uniforms.

"Madame is throwing fits because her former maid left without waiting for your arrival," Meadows, the silver-haired steward, who was the only member left of the original staff of family servants, told Suzanne. "You are to go to her at once and complete her toilette."

Suzanne tripped off. Meadows turned to give the second man his instructions. At the sight of the comely face an exclamation of wonder and delight broke from his lips.

"Master Donald!" he cried. "We thought you were killed in France."

The new second man started back in amazement.

"What are you talking about?" he asked. "And who are you?"

"Don't you remember Meadows, sir? Why, I helped teach you to walk, Master Donald, right here in your own ancestral home."

John Rolfe rubbed his brow dazedly.

"You'll have to change your brand, old fellow," he laughed. "I never saw you or this house before in all my life. The Elite Agency sent me down, together with my wife and a bunch of other servants, to work here."

And dismissing the incident as the result of too much hootch, Rolfe followed Suzanne up to their room. There was no time to discuss the joke then. Dinner was about to be served to the houseful of guests, and John returned to the dining-room to take up his new duties.

Still regarding him with a mixture of deference and bewilderment, Meadows assigned the new servant to his place behind the chair of the mistress of the establishment. Corinne McRea's voice could be heard seconding the butler's announcement that dinner was served. A moment later John Rolfe saw her coming down the hall, a beautiful blonde with something so cold and calculating in her face, despite its artificial smile, that the young soldier cynically told himself:

"The fellow that went West, leaving her this place, must have been an awful fool to fall for her." But, absorbed in her guests, the hostess was approaching the head of the table. The second man drew back her chair. She turned to look at the new servant. There was a piercing shriek that focussed every eye upon John, as with trembling lips Corinne McRae cried out:

"Donald Allen! They told me you were dead!"

To his amazement, half the guests present swarmed forward, greeting him as Major Allen, and shaking his hand as if he were a long-lost brother.

Suzanne clutched the Judge wildly, her eyes questioning his in anguish. "Zen he no more remember Suzanne?" she shrilled. "He forget he have wif'?"

"But I don't understand." John tried to loose the clasp of Corinne's hands from his neck, as she hysterically embraced him.

Suddenly a white-haired gentleman forced his way through the guests, his mustache fairly bristling with delight.

"Donald, my boy, this is indeed a most ingenious way to come back from the dead and surprise all your friends. Welcome home! And let me assure you that as trustee of your estate I'll formally serve notice right now on your fiancée that the inheritance you willed her must be returned forthwith to its rightfull possessor."

"Judge Henry," exclaimed Miss McRae, suddenly stiffening, "surely you don't doubt that I will at once abdicate now that——"

A stifled shriek from behind the portieres leading to the hall stairs interrupted the scene. There, half-swooning from terror and grief, stood poor little Suzanne. She had heard and seen all that took place, and now with a little moan held out her arms beseechingly toward the man she had married.

"You're all crazy!" blurted out John Rolfe savagely. "I'm not Major Allen. I'm only a green servant in the house. And this lady who calls herself my fiancée never saw me before. There's my wife, over there. She came down here with me today to take a situation as Miss McRea's maid."

Striding to Suzanne's side, he clasped her in his arms.

"We'll leave here at once, sir," he addressed the astounded Judge Henry. "This is a madhouse."

Leading the sobbing little maid up to their room, John sought to comfort her. But Suzanne was inconsolable. The face of that haughty, insolent blonde mistress downstairs was not the only disturbing factor. In the drawer of her dresser, as she had put away Corinne's toilet articles, she had found a framed photograph of this man whose name no one in the Paris Hospital Headquarters had been able

to tell her. That woman downstairs was right. The recognition of all those people certainly proved that this soldier-servant husband of hers was in reality miles above her in station—and she loved him so! What should she do? The problem was too intricate for her breaking heart to cope with.

Just then Meadows appeared in the doorway.

"The Madame wishes both of you to come down to the drawing-room," he announced.

"What more do these lunatics want of us?" fumed John as they reluctantly obeyed.

Judge Henry had taken the situation in hand. At their entrance he addressed John sharply:

"Turn off the wall lights, please."

John went to the complex array of switches by the door and instantly pressed the one that controlled the wall brackets. There was an involuntary gasp from every one present.

"Now, will you bring me some of those imported cigars?"

While Suzanne, with sinking heart, looked on her husband walked to the fireplace, pressed an unseen spring, and instantly a secret panel slid back, revealing a row of sealed cigar boxes.

"These are the imported brands, sir." Rolfe handed over the box.

Corinne McRae ran swiftly across the room to his side.

"Donald—my husband," she cooed, flinging her arms about the servant's neck.

Indignantly he disengaged himself.

"If you rich swells can find nothing better to do than make sport of a couple of honest working people"—he began.

Judge Henry interrupted solemnly:

"If you are the servant you declare yourself to be, how did you know where the wall switch was located? If you are not the master of this house, how did you find the spring of that secret panel?"

The bewildered man shook his head helplessly. Suzanne, with a little moan, sank into a chair. Judge Henry turned sternly to Corinne:

"Miss McRea, what do you mean by claiming this man as your husband?" he demanded. "Donald Allen was your fiancé. You were never married to him."

The adventuress laughed brazenly. She had no doubt that this handsome so-called servant was Major Allen. Neither did she suspect the French maid of being other than his wife, but she did not intend to lose her coveted position in society as Mrs. Donald Allen, and the largest fortune on Long Island, because, during a mysterious period of aberration, her fiancé had married some one else. But Judge Henry was an astute and ruthless foe. Her clever brain worked fast. Suddenly she burst out into a gay laugh.

"Thank you, Rolfe"—she addressed John—"you and your wife may go now. My car will take you to the station. You have helped me to provide a most unique entertainment for my guests."

She whirled upon the dumbfounded Judge.

"They've been complaining that nothing gave them a thrill any more. So when I found how astonishingly like my dead fiancé this new second man was I decided upon a little hoax. Rather neat, wasn't it?"

"Do you mean to tell me that this was only acting," ejaculated Judge Henry; "that this was all prearranged?"

His eyes were upon the bewildered John and Suzanne, hurriedly making their way toward the servants' quarters.

"Of course, you dear old stupid. Surely you don't suppose Major Allen has come back from the dead in the guise of a servant?" Corinne laughed mockingly as she joined the embarrassed guests.

But Judge Henry was on guard. Surreptitiously he beckoned to the unconvinced Meadows.

"Take my card to those alleged servants before they get away," he whispered, "and tell them to be sure to call at my New York office tomorrow."

Suzanne's loving little heart was breaking. Then, she not only had cheated the man she loved of a rich inheritance, but she was even his wife. In answer to his persistent inquiries at last she broke down and confessed:

"She spoke ze truth. You are doubtless Donald Allen. And she ees your wif'."

Between her sobs she told the story of her deception, and the sympathy that prompted it. Her husband's reaction was to clasp her closer in his arms.

"If you've provided me with an alibi to shake that designing fortune-hunter," he cried, "it's cheap at any price. Thank God I'll never have to step into Donald Allen's shoes. Aren't we happier as Mr. and Mrs. John Rolfe, darling?"

But the little French girl could not so lightly dismiss the matter, and when Judge Henry's message was brought to them it was she who insisted that they accede to his request. Early the next morning they presented themselves at his law office and listened respectfully to his proposition.

"All you have to do, my dear boy, to settle in my mind whether or not you are really Donald Allen," he declared, when they had told the story of the lapse of memory and the substituted card, "is to write on this envelope my name and address."

Mechanically John complied. With a triumphant smile the Judge produced a package of old envelopes, all addressed to himself with "Return to Donald Allen, Fairmead, Long Island, N. Y.," written in the same hand in the corner. The handwriting on these was identical with that John Rolfe had just inscribed.

"Zen he ees ze true Major Rolfe," —Suzanne's eyes were tragic—"ze husban' of zat blonde woman?"

"He is Donald Allen, all right," quoth the Judge, "but he's no more the husband of Corinne McRea than I am. Of course, she'd pull a bluff like that in the hope of keeping the Allen fortune in her clutches, but we'll soon have the bonds and other negotiable papers out of her hands."

The telephone, ringing at that moment, created a diversion.

"What!" they heard their adviser bawl back. "She's just drawn all the funds and documents out of the bank?"

Apopleptic with rage, he turned to his clients:

"She's beat us to it, Donald; taken every negotiable paper she could lay her hands on, and is on her way back to Fairmead in her car."

"What means zat?" inquired the practical Suzanne. "He ees gone forever, zis fortune?"

"Not forever—we'll bring a lawsuit, of course—but it will be several years perhaps before the matter can be straightened out in the courts."

Donald wearily rubbed his aching head.

"Oh, let's drop it all, Judge," he said. "I don't give a hoot whether I'm Donald Allen or not—can't remember a thing about my former life. Why dig up a dead man?"

"That's one of the things I wanted to talk over with you," said the good Judge eagerly. "A very slight operation will restore your remory. I want you to come right along to the hospital today and go through with it."

Suzanne felt her world slipping from her as her husband listlessly consented and Judge Henry phoned the hospital to complete the preparations. With his memory restored, would there be any place in his life or heart for her? Suddenly she thought of that vanished fortune.

At least she could perform one more service for the husband she adored before he went out of her life forever. Corinne McRea was on her way back to Fairmead in her car with the Allen fortune in bonds. It was not for nothing that Suzanne had learned ambulance driving in France before she became a nurse. While Judge Henry piloted the man who to her would always be "John" down to the hospital, Suzanne looked wildly about among the autos parked in the adjoining side street. Her practised eye settled upon the speediest make. The next moment she had leaped into the chauffeur's seat, kicked the bundle of workman's clothing it contained to the floor of the car, and was off just as the irate owner came panting around the corner.

"DARING HOLD-UP ON LONG ISLAND ROAD.

"MISS CORINNE MCREA ROBBED AT POINT OF PISTOL OF FORTUNE IN STOCKS AND BONDS. BANDIT DESCRIBED AS YOUTH IN WORKMAN'S CLOTHES, MASKED WITH BANDANA HANDKERCHIEF. HIS STOLEN CAR RECOVERED NEAR ESTATE OF LATE DONALD ALLEN."

"What does this mean!" Corinne demanded of Suzanne, ignoring Judge Henry's presence. "How dare you, a common lady's maid, intrude among Major Allen's guests?"

Judge Henry sat in his office reading this astounding news late that afternoon when the door burst open and in plunged Suzanne, her hair dishevelled and her snappy tweed suit very much awry.

"I've good news for you, my dear."

Inferring that anxiety to know the result of the operation was the motive for this unceremonious entrance, the Judge rose and took the French girl's hand.

"Your husband was operated on as soon as we reached the hospital. He has come out of the ether. It was a complete success. His memory is entirely restored. But, for the time being, he can't remember anything that happened to him after the shell struck him. It may be some time before he recalls his life as John Rolfe."

Suzanne clutched the Judge wildly, her eyes questioning his in anguish.

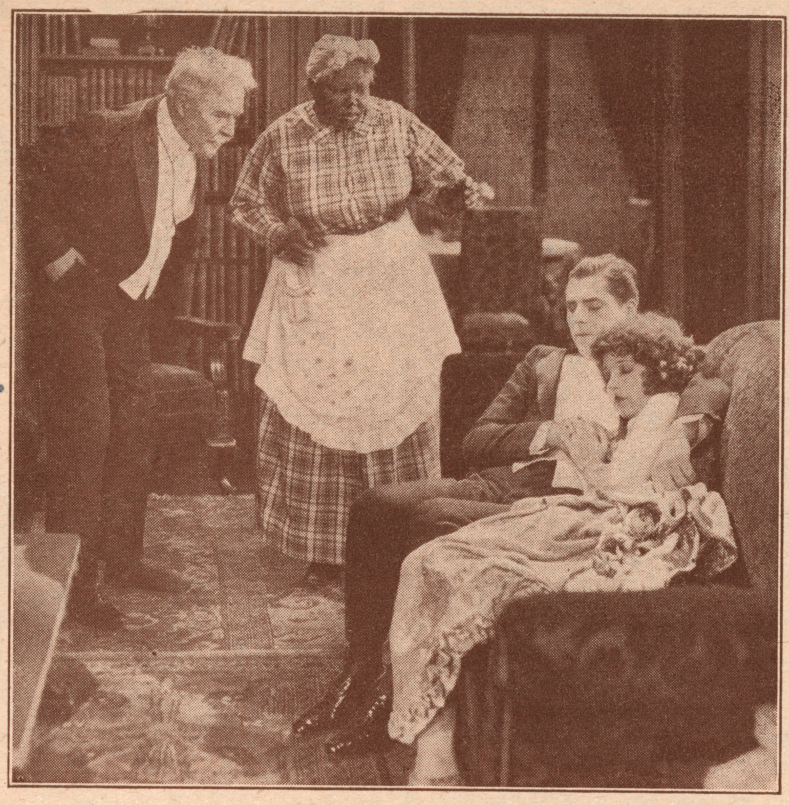
"Zen he no more remember Suzanne?" she shrilled. "He forget he have a wif'?"

"Now, now, little girl, don't get excited," the old gentleman tried to calm her. "In time it will no doubt all come back to him. The doctors say the operation was a wonderful success."

"Success! You smash two lifes wiz your damn-fool operation—zen you call heem a success," sobbed the poor child. "Nevaire will my John remember again hees Suzanne. But Suzanne, she geev heem what ees hees."

From various pockets and hiding places the young woman produced the stocks and bonds she had taken at the point of a pistol from Corinne McRea. Judge Henry looked on in stupefaction. Then, realizing the danger to which her pluck and foolhardiness had exposed her, he seized her by the arm.

"My child, the police may come here



There, curled up in each other's arms on the davenport, sleeping the sleep of the just and the physically all in, reposed Donald Allen and Suzanne.

after you any moment. Plainclothes men have already been here asking who was the girl who left the office with me this morning. You were seen by the owner of the car as you made your get-away, and he gave a fairly accurate description of you and this suit you have on. I'll smuggle you into my own home out on Long Island. My colored housekeeper, Martha, will look after you and get you some new clothes. It will never do for you to go back to your own lodgings till this blows over."

So, while Donald Allen was driven from the hospital to his Fairmead home to recuperate from the operation, his forgotten wife remained an unwilling, heavy-hearted guest in the home of Judge Henry. And Judge Henry, like the wise old war horse he was, bided his time. A big reception was to be given at Fairmead as soon as its owner was entirely recovered, to celebrate his miraculous restoration to his friends. Though Corinne McRea still held the fort, and, secure in her position as the acknowledged fiancée of Donald Allen, looked forward to a speedy marriage, the Judge counted on the coöperation of old Meadows to help him with his scheme. Rumors were rife as to the real status of that lovely little French girl who had been Donald Allen's companion during the period when he suffered from aphasia. No one had seen her since that eventful evening when "John Rolfe" had resigned his job as second man in his own home. Was her disappearance a tacit admission that she was only an adventuress with no real claim on the man she pretended to have married? This question perplexed no one more than Corinne McRea. If only she could prove her growing suspicion that the "boy bandit" who had held her up was this French girl in disguise! Every day her secret colloquies with the plainclothes men became more and more like obsessions. And with equal pertinacity she made love to Donald Allen.

"When we are married, sweetheart"—she would begin whenever they were alone.

And the obvious reluctance of her fiancé to discuss the wedding served but to inflame her desire for an early date.

It was Meadows who gave Major Allen his first inkling that perhaps the dreams that came to him every night might have some substance in reality: that somewhere in the criss-cross world that lovely, dark-eyed girl who haunted his visions might be actually in existence.

"Whatever became of your wife, sir?" asked Meadows as he tidied up the room for his idolized master. "She was that sweet and devoted. One could see that she wasn't really a servant—just posing-like—same as yourself."

Donald bounded up from the couch.

"Did she admit she was my wife?" he asked. "What did she say was her name?"

"She didn't say, sir," was the rueful answer to both questions. "It was all so like a play—the way you two came down here pretending to be the help."

So poor Donald could only cudgel his brains vainly and wonder why his good friend Judge Henry had forsaken him. To his repeated phone calls upon that worthy had come the suave answer:

"I'll be down for your reception, Donald, and you're going to be mighty glad to see me."

At last the night of the reception was at hand. Corinne had an air of suppressed excitement that belied her outward calm. She had heard that Judge Henry intended to spring a surprise. Could it be——?

Yes, as she looked down from the balcony commanding the hall and ballroom she saw that her worst suspicions were realized. Judge Henry and that designing French girl had arrived. Though she had not yet removed her own wraps, Corinne rushed downstairs.

"What does this mean?" she demanded of Suzanne, ignoring Judge Henry's presence. "How dare you, a common lady's maid, intrude among Major Allen's guests?"

(*Continued on Page* 31)

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THE LAW FORBIDS

(Universal-Jewel Film)

Story by BERNARD McCONVILLE

Scenario by LOIS ZELLNER and FORD I. BEEBE

Directed by JESSE ROBBINS

Adapted from the Photoplay by

ETHEL ROSEMON

THE PLAYERS:

Peggy	*Baby Peggy*	*Rhoda Remsen*	*Elinor Fair*
Paul Remsen	*Robert Ellis*	*Inez Lamont*	*Winifred Bryson*

THE Remsen divorce case was causing considerable comment along the Great White Way. Paul Remsen, young, handsome, phenomenally successful as a playwright, was a figure that called for more than passing interest on the part of many of the theatre's fairest whose names twinkle in myriad lights in the Times Square district; but, to the surprise of many, the attractions of the world's playground were not sufficiently intriguing to lure the man from the quiet of his home. *Then*, to the astonishment of all, the Remsens sought the divorce court as a port in their matrimonial storm, two of the many who failed to adjust their tastes and tempers in the first few years of marriage.

Even the kindly old Judge looked more serious than usual as the case of "Remsen *versus* Remsen" progressed. He knew the playwright by reputation, the chances of climbing to the top of the ladder that were his for the trying, and he had learned from his varied experience how easily a career may be ruined by shattered dreams.

"In view of the extensive cruelty with which the defendant has treated the plaintiff"—Rhoda Remsen's lawyer was summing up the case.

"I am still thinking of having the husband return to his wife and child," the playwright announced.

"Oh, no, never cruel," the young woman's trembling voice interrupted.

Paul Remsen's attorney was immediately on his feet.

"The Court will observe that the plaintiff herself denies the charge," he exclaimed triumphantly.

At that moment the top of a fluffy bonnet came to view from behind a large law book, followed immediately by two mischievous brown eyes—and then one of those brown eyes did an unheard-of thing—it actually winked at the dignified Judge. The lips of His Honor curved upward in an answering smile, a gleeful chuckle came from the owner of the brown eyes, she clapped her tiny hands in glee, leaned far back in the swivel chair — and the next instant the Court's only view was of two white-clad legs pointing ceilingward.

"Why didn't you watch her? You're always letting her hurt herself," came from the plaintiff.

"You were nearer to her than I," the defendant answered, as he grasped the child's other arm.

"Please remember I'm her mother."

"Please remember I'm her father."

And little Peggy Remsen found herself being forcibly enticed first one way, then the other, by her contending parents.

"You see, Your Honor, they can't pull together,'" Rhoda's lawyer exclaimed.

"You see, Your Honor, they can't pull apart," the other legal light pointed to the young people held there by the tiny hand of their little daughter.

The Judge beckoned to the child.

"What's your name, my dear?" he asked, his arm encircling Peggy, who smiled up at him fearlessly.

"Peggy Remsen. I'm four years old, live at 60 Riverside Drive," the friendly childish treble resounded through the courtroom.

"Whom do you love more—your mamma or your papa?"

"I love them both—more," came the answer.

The Judge's face was a study, and there was the suggestion of a mist before his eyes as he turned to the two young people.

"Can't you make up your minds to agree for the baby's future?"

Pride prevented each one from making the first advance, so there the estranged couple stood, stubbornly silent.

"The law denies me the right to grant you a divorce for the baby's sake," the Court finally announced, "but I give the plaintiff separate maintenance and care of the child for six months."

And so Paul Remsen watched, sick at heart, while his wife led little Peggy from the courtroom, trying to find some satisfactory answer to the child's persistent:

"Why isn't Daddy coming home with us, mother?"

Like every wife in trouble, Rhoda went back to her parents, and in the little town of Dorchester among the scenes and friends of her childhood sought to still the dull loneliness of her heart, while the big, silent city house, every nook and corner crowded with memories of Rhoda and Baby Peggy, became unbearable to Paul. Day after day he sat at his typewriter and tried to find solace in his beloved writing, but the thoughts would not come or, if they did, they were so closely bound up with his two dear ones that the page remained blank while, with head bowed upon his arms, the empty years marched before his vision in solemn procession. Then one night, almost in distraction, he sought diversion at dinner in a restaurant where he hoped he would be able to lose himself in the gayety of the pleasure-hunters. At a table nearby, Inez Lamont, an actress who with little scruples as to the method of winning success was rapidly forging to the front, was lending an attentive ear to an elderly suitor.

The station agent's announcement that he was all out of tickets did not lessen Baby Paggy's determination to take Alexander on the trip back to New York.

"You know I'd do anything for you, Inez," the man announced, gazing at the girl's lovely face, but failing altogether to be warned by the narrowed, calculating eyes. "Find some one to write a play for you and I'll produce it."

"You will?" she questioned enthusiastically; then, as a movement at the next table attracted her attention, "Why, there's Paul Remsen, the very one to do it for me."

But the commission, which at another time would have been heartily welcomed by the author, was now met by a gentle, "I'm sorry, Miss Lamont, but I'm not writing anything just now."

"Still worrying over your domestic troubles?" the actress inquired archly. The next moment, nothing daunted by the silence that greeted her question, she continued: "I have a hunch—write your own experience. I have something new for a finish, something startling, daring, something that the public will surely come to see." And with an eagerness which was more than the artist's enthusiasm for her work she outlined her plan.

Meanwhile Rhoda, too, was learning the unhappy lesson that running away from one's troubles does not always solve them—and then, besides, she had the ever-present reminder in little Peggy's daily questions: "Mummy, dear, I want to see Daddy. Why doesn't he come to us?"

"He doesn't realize how we need him, darling," came the answer each time as the wife's lonely heart called out for the companionship of the past five years, the same cry which Inez

Lamont was urging the author to turn into a play. And the idea which was first so repugnant to the man, little by little, under the clever suggestion of the actress, began finally to make its appeal to his dramatic instinct.

And their work together on the script afforded the woman many an opportunity to visit the playwright—no one of which she overlooked.

"Frankly, Miss Lamont," he told her finally, "I don't like the ending you suggested."

"Don't be old-fashioned," she chided laughingly. "Every day you read of husbands leaving their wives for women who understand them."

And even when the play was finished he continued to voice his objections.

"I am thinking of having the husband return to his wife and child."

"Don't be silly," the actress playfully remonstrated. "You have something new. The public will love it. I think I can make you see it's the right ending." There was a determined light in her eye that was wholly lost upon the man whose dreams were still of little Peggy and her mother.

And it required a diplomat of Inez Lamont's highly trained powers to manage her affairs as they stood at that particular moment. Of course, she must run no risk of offending the elderly "angel" until the play was safely launched. To this end she must hide her growing interest in Paul Remsen, both from him and from the young leading man whom she had selected to support her. And, strange to say, this last gentleman was the most difficult to manage, for his periods of concealment during the visits of the actress's backer were growing more and more frequent, more and more irritating.

"I'm sick of spending my spare time in that closet," he announced one evening, when the closing of the apartment door gave him the signal to come out of his hiding-place.

"You ought to be glad to spend it in the closet when I am giving you the lead in my play," Inez retorted. "Remember, Monte, you need me—I don't need you."

A flush of anger mounted to the man's forehead.

"You don't need me, eh? Well, we'll see."

The next moment a sharp ring at the bell of the elevator announced that he had departed in high dudgeon, a not unusual occurrence, and this time a not unwelcome one, since it gave the actress an opportunity to prepare for her contemplated visit to the home of the playwright. An hour later that preoccupied young man found her waiting for him in his drawing-room. Her greeting contained something more than friendliness, something that made Remsen uneasy.

"Well, Paul, I hope you've made up your mind that I'm right about the ending," she purred, slipping one arm about his neck.

"I don't think the public will accept anything so destructive to the home," he persisted, making no attempt to return her caress.

"Audiences want something new. They're tired of the old idea that love and marriage always go together," she said softly. "You have made a mistake in your marriage. Does that mean you haven't the right to love?" The man was silent. "Every one has the right to love," she breathed as she placed the other arm about his shoulder.

And Paul Remsen was a man, sensitive, temperamental, affectionate—and, above all, lonely, and therefore open to temptation. Inez Lamont was beautiful, and the reluctance of the

"You can't see your Daddy now. He's very busy," Miss Lamont announced, putting her hand over Baby Peggy's mouth.

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playwright to join her little court of admirers had made him all the more desirable in her eyes and she meant to stop at nothing to captivate him. The next second the man was straining her to his hungry heart, was pressing his longing lips to hers.

It was upon this scene that Baby Peggy entered a moment later. Her mother's desire to see Daddy equaled hers, it seemed, only there was this difference—while the mother grieved silently, the child acted. The station-agent's announcement that he was all out of tickets and would notify her when a new stock came in sent her toddling off in search of another method of reaching her former home in the city. Hiding in a large empty bread basket that was due for a return trip to the bakery on the back of the delivery truck, she reached upper New York. To her baby lips her address came as glibly as her name, and an obliging taxi driver, not sensing the fact that the coin in the purse tightly clasped in the child's hand was only a nickel, set her down safely at the Riverside Drive address, with Alexander, the pet rooster that had accompanied her from her grandfather's farm. Admitted by the surprised maid, she quietly opened the drawing-room door, and then her glad cry of "Daddy" caused the man and woman to start apart.

"Peggy, darling, what are you doing here? Is mother with you?" the father questioned eagerly, as he clasped her in the arms that had ached for her every hour since she had left him.

"I came to see you all alone, Daddy," the tot replied proudly, "with Alexander. And it was awfully dark and Alexander was afraid, but I wasn't, and I'm awfully sleepy," the little voice trailed away in a tired whisper.

And the woman stood aside, and with steel-cold eyes watched the scene that had spoiled her hour of hard-won triumph.

"Paul, you aren't going to let your old-fashioned ideas stand in the way of our happiness?" she asked, when the man had given the child into the care of the nurse. But he was silent, his thoughts far away from Inez Lamont and her play. "Then it's settled, Paul—it goes on with the ending my way." She took advantage of his absorption.

And so the last few days of rehearsals, with their usual taut nerves, their usual display of temperament, their usual knitting together of a dozen loose threads, brought the widely publicized opening of "The Right to Love."

"I'm still not sure of your ending," the playwright worried even as the call of "Half hour" brought a flurry of nervous haste to every one behind the curtain.

"They'll eat it up," Inez Lamont smiled confidently.

"The leading man hasn't shown up yet," the backer and the stage-manager announced in unison as they consulted their watches. And at that moment there was the sound of confusion at the door as Monte reeled in.

"'Sall right. You don't need me. You said so yourself," he greeted the star of the production.

The actress paled. So her idle words had come home to roost on this night that was going to see the triumph of her stage career! Frantically she turned to the author.

"Paul, you've got to play the part," she announced firmly. "You know every line of it, every piece of business. It's the only way out. You must do it for my sake. It's my big night—our big night!"

And to every true child of the theatre there is something that whispers, "The play must go; nothing else matters." And that something was in the blood of Paul Remsen—it was a part of him as it is of every one who loves the smell of grease-paint. Without answering he was in the dressing-room hastily opening the make-up that stood on the shelf ready for Monte's use.

"Daddy, Daddy; where's my Daddy?" the baby's voice raised itself above the last minute confusion.

"You can't see your Daddy now. He's very busy," Miss Lamont explained, putting her hand over the child's mouth. "Take her to my dressing-room and keep her there," she directed her maid. And as Peggy was being led away Rhoda, whose fears for her baby's safety had been put to rest by her husband's wire announcing her arrival at their New York home, inquired for him at the stage door.

"Mr. Remsen can't be disturbed now," Inez told the door man, and then, handing him the pass the producer had just signed, "Tell her he will see her after the show."

But at the box-office all her pleas for admittance were met with the firm, "I'm sorry, Madam, but we're all sold out."

Dejectedly turning from the window, she was immediately recognized by the Judge who had denied her petition for divorce.

"Won't you join us in our box?" he invited, presenting his wife. And so for two hours Rhoda watched her married life unfold as seen through her husband's eyes.

"Paul, are you sure you want your wife to return to you?" Inez spoke the author's lines, and he replied in those words he had so reluctantly penned,

"I don't know. We no longer love each other. But we have a child—— Have we the right to separate, to bring suffering into her little life?"

"Because you have made a mistake, does that mean you haven't the right

to love. Every one has the right to love." And then with that gliding grace for which she was famous the actress crossed the stage and came very close to the leading man. "If you've had marriage without love, can't we have love without marriage?"

At that moment the stage wife appeared in the doorway and fixed her husband and the other woman with her grief-stricken eyes. Boldly the intruder who would take him from her spoke:

"You are married to him, but I have the greater right."

And at that critical juncture a strange thing happened. Alexander, who had accompanied his young mistress to the theatre, and who had been disturbed by Monte's cane in an investigation of the reality of the bird that set perched on the back of a sofa just off-stage, a tiny high hat perched on one side of his head, striped trousers encasing his legs, flew right onto the set where so much of dramatic moment was being enacted. And Baby Peggy, aroused from her sleep on that same sofa by the frightened flutter of her pet's wings, flew in after him.

"Where's my Alexander?" she queried, to the delight of the audience that never fails to give generously to the tiny ones of the stage.

"Get out of here this instant, you little brat," the star stormed. "Send her away with her mother."

And Peggy, unabashed by the footlights, by the sea of faces she could sense in the dimness beyond, clung closer to the man kneeling before her.

"You can't send me away from my Daddy. He loves me."

A movement of sympathy came from the audience.

"If you don't send her away, we're through. Can't you see what you are doing?"

And then the author spoke the words he had not written:

"Yes, for the first time. You talk about the right to love. Now for the first time I see who has the right to love."

A burst of applause reëchoed through the theatre—and the widely advertised star of the production passed unnoticed through the door of the set and out into the wings, tears of anger and mortification glistening in her eyes.

"And do you still love them both more?" the kindly Judge inquired. "More," Baby Peggy laughed.

"The audience thinks it's part of the play," some one whispered to the stage wife. "Don't stand there like a sap. Go ahead and act."

And as the curtain descended upon the united trio no one connected with the production felt any necessity for waiting up for the morning reviews to find out whether "The Right To Love" was a success. And as the approving crowd slowly made its way from the theatre, behind the dropped curtain the real wife and mother had stepped into the rôle left vacant by the young actress who had been engaged to support Inez Lamont.

"And do you still love them both more?" the kindly Judge beamed at Baby Peggy, as she watched with wide-eyed wonder the mother gazing adoringly up into her husband's face.

"More," she laughed, as with a passing hug for her two dear ones she ran off in search of the new recruit to the ranks of the drama whose first appearance behind the footlights had changed a doubtful play into an assured success—Alexander, who had answered his cue even when it was only in the mind of the author.

AN ALLEGORY

ONE day a director, Victor Schertzinger, did bring his wife to admire his "shooting" a beautiful boudoir set in the studio for "The Man Life Passed By" and the wife did admire it and, moreover, a tall, hand-painted vase that was there perchance, and the director did dig deeply into his pockets and purchase this vase for his lovely wife.

Moral: Directors should keep their wives at home.

FASHION ROW

(Metro Film)

Scenario by SADA COWAN and HOWARD HIGGINS *Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD*

Adapted from the Photoplay by

VIRGINIA BRUNSWICK SMITH

THE PLAYERS:

Princess Olga Farinova }
Zita } ..... *Mae Murray*
Alexis Kaminoff ..... *Elmo Lincoln*
Eric Van Corland ..... *Freeman Wood*
Jimmie Morton ..... *Earle Foxe*

FROM the first moment when he had seen Princess Olga Farinova pirouetting through Fashion Row—as the lobby of the Commorbilt, New York's most palatial and exclusive hotel, had come to be known—Eric Van Corland had loved her. Perhaps it was her foreign, exotic type of loveliness, perhaps the mystery and romance that shrouded her in an aura of the unattainable, perhaps because she had been lauded from coast to coast as the greatest tragedienne on the modern stage—Jimmie Morton, his confidant and constant companion, averred that it was the fact that every other society swain in America had entered the race for Farinova's favor; but, be that as it may, the fact remained that the son of one of the proudest and most blue-blooded families in America was madly in love with the titled Russian actress.

"But what will your straight-laced Mamma say," Jimmie twitted one evening as the two waited in Farinova's dressing-room back-stage, "when she returns from Europe to find her only child has lost his heart to a trademark?"

He pointed to the array of cosmetics, candies, cigarettes and perfumes that the star's press agent had heaped upon the desk. All had been named for the Princess Olga Farinova, and would blaze her name and prestige on billboards and the pages of national magazines throughout the continent.

The soft rustle of silk, a faint perfume wafted from the doorway, a light step, and the subject of their discourse glided into the room. Her expressive eyebrows were raised superciliously as she stared coldly at Jimmie Morton. Even that calloused youth registered embarrassment, realizing that the actress had overheard his slighting remark. But, brazening out the situation with his usual high spirits, the incorrigible bowed low over Farinova's hand as he murmured:

"I salute you, splendid and worshipful artiste! You may be a great princess to Eric and all the rest of your admirers, but to me you register as just a delicious, irresistible—Gypsy!"

The woman shrank back as from a blow. Eric frowned angrily at his friend, while Jimmie seemed as startled as the Princess at the effect of his light banter.

"Oh, I say," he apologized, "don't take anything I say seriously, Your Highness. By the way, wouldn't it be a corking bit of publicity to let your press agent give out a signed interview from you to one of the big women's magazines, telling all about your life at the Court of the Czar? Think how the American people would lap it up! They just love to prove how democratic they are by fawning upon crowned heads and titles!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Farinova excitedly. "My experiences in Russia must ever remain a secret. The public must be satisfied with the fact that I *am* a princess!"

Bursting into tears, she flung her-

The beautiful subject of their discussion glided into the dressing room. "I salute you, Princess Olga," Jimmie Morton murmured, as, in obedience to a gesture from Eric Van Corland, he started to leave.

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self into Eric's arms. "Tell Mr. Jimmie I am tired and nervous, that I wish to be alone with you!" she whispered.

Then, when the repentant Morton had vanished, the lovely head was buried upon Van Corland's shoulders, while sobs shook the white shoulders.

"My Princess! My sweetheart!" he comforted her. "Give up this hysterical, artificial stage existence and return to your rightful place in society. As Mrs. Eric Van Corland you will belong once more to the aristocracy!"

An odd smile curved the red lips. Mistaking its significance, Eric hurried on:

"I know that it must sound absurd to one of your ancient lineage and royal birth to hear a citizen of a republic boasting of his pedigree. Nevertheless, even in democratic America blood does tell, and my patrician mother can make or mar the social success of any man or woman in New York. Her word is law. Even Queen Victoria was not a greater stickler for the prerogatives of family."

A wistful look crept into the expressive eyes as Farinova whispered softly:

"It shall be as you wish, my Eric, but don't forget that it is because I love you, passionately and everlastingly, that I will be your wife."

When Mrs. Van Corland returned unexpectedly from her Continental tour she was first aghast, then agog with importance to find that her son and heir was married and already established in a Long Island mansion of baronial grandeur.

"What! You have stooped to marry a common actress!" she exploded before the full account of Farinova's history was given her. Then, "Ah, but if she is a Russian Princess—my son, this match has made me superlatively happy! How thrilling to be able to introduce as my daughter-in-law a member of the late Czar's brilliant entourage!"

In the midst of the girl's mad Gypsy dance Alexis caught her to him in a drunken embrace.

If at that moment Mrs. Van Corland, or, indeed, the adoring husband, could have witnessed a scene being enacted on board an ocean liner, with its teeming passenger list of immigrants bound for New York, great would have been their bewilderment.

Among a group of Russian refugees in the steerage, one flaxen-haired young girl was especially conspicuous because of the almost angelic beauty of her pure, sweet face. The sum total of her earthly possessions was bound up in a peasant's coarsely woven shawl, and on the day in question, as she strolled along the crowded deck, she tripped over the foot of the self-appointed leader of the Russian immigrants, Alexis Kaminoff, and spilled its contents almost under his nose. Because of his fluent English and his knowledge of the great American land of the free, where their hopes were centered, Kaminoff's country-men implicitly obeyed this big, ugly fellow, whose cunning face was scarred from lip to one ear by a jagged knife wound. Now, as he perfunctorily stooped to help little Zita gather up her scattered belongings, an exclamation of astonishment fell from his lips. He had snatched a crude, unmounted photograph and was looking at it with an evil leer. Two girls in the costume of Russian peasants were depicted, the younger one unmistakably the golden-haired Zita; the other, apparently some six or eight years older, a brunette of striking beauty and unmistakable verve.

"Is this the sister you expect to find in America?" asked Alexis, fixing his pig eyes upon Zita.

"Yes, sir," was the timid reply. "Of course, it will be difficult at first. My only clue to her whereabouts is the sad note she left for me the night she ran away from home. It was because my father, who was a bad, brutal man, had first tried to sell her, and then to force her into a marriage with a man she hated," Zita related the sordid tale. "My sister was very beautiful and very spirited. She said that even if my father beat her to death she would still refuse to marry Michael. He did beat her, so cruelly that I fainted out of sheer fright. When I came to she was gone, leaving a note asking me to pray for her always, though she never expected to see me again because she was going to America, the land of the free, to make her fortune."

"How did she expect to make it?" sneered Kaminoff.

"She was a marvelous dancer," answered Zita simply. "Often my father would take her to the cafés and make her dance before the drunken soldiers and peasants. They would go mad over her and rain coins into my father's hat to see her whirl before them again. No doubt she would have found a place in the Russian ballet but for my father's selfish stupidity in trying to force things. If only I can find her again!" The soft voice was tremulous. "She is all I have in the world, my beautiful, venturesome sister, so like a Gypsy in her temperament and untamed, passionate nature. Do you think I shall be able to find her in this vast America?"

"I'll do my best to help you," quoth Alexis Kaminoff grimly. His hand wandered to the scar on his cheek, then absently, as if he were accustomed to stroking a beard, he made a pass across his smooth-shaven chin.

"Hers is a face not easily forgotten!"

"Oh, thank you, sir! You are most kind."

Zita was quite overcome by the promised co-operation of this powerful and highly educated person who spoke and wrote the difficult English tongue. The wicked gleam in Kaminoff's eyes was lost upon her innocent heart.

Well indeed might Alexis Kaminoff remember that face! Because of his insane infatuation for its owner when she had maddened him with her dancing that wild night in Moscow, he had received that disfiguring scar. The girl whom he had caught up in the midst of her Gypsy dance, in a drunken embrace, had turned upon him like a young tiger, caught up a knife from a near-by table and slashed at his leering face. In that moment his love turned to hate, and if he could have caught her he would then and there have choked the breath out of that slender throat. But the dancing girl had fled wildly into the night. No one in Moscow had ever heard of her since. So, thanks to the prattle of this unsophisticated little peasant maid, he was on her trail at last. Kaminoff grunted with satisfaction. Of course she would capitalize her remarkable talents on the stage, and such beauty as hers would certainly not be hidden under a bushel. Already he seemed to feel beneath his rough fingers the feel of that soft, white throat.

"I'll take you to a boarding house I know of on the East Side," he told the trusting Zita. "A Russian couple runs it. You'll be safe and happy there and I can keep in touch with you as we work together to find your sister, and perhaps"—he watched the lovely face grow radiant with gratitude—"perhaps I can get Ma Levitsky to give you a job in Pa Levitsky's vegetable and fruit stall next-door to their boarding house until you have mastered English and can do better."

While Zita, awestruck and ecstatic, was settling into the luxury of an East Side tenement that overlooked that never-ceasing wonder, the Third Avenue Elevated, and was equipped with such unheard-of comforts as running water, set tubs and gas, out on Long Island the reigning favorite of New York's Four Hundred was planning to give the first real function she had sponsored since she became Mrs. Eric Van Corland. Even Olga's mother-in-law enthused over the project, a Russian fête with all the guests masked and in costume and the grounds given over to a reproduction of the Russia of the old régime.

"And I know a place over on the East Side," chortled Jimmie Morton, "where I can get some genuine vodka. We'll make these Knickerbocker dames who think that Russian tea is the national drink over there sit up and take notice, won't we, Eric, old fellow?"

"When it comes to bootleggers, I leave it all to you," laughed the proud husband. "But if you are referring to the Levitsky brand, go easy; I'm told their alleged boarding house is being watched by the prohibition agents. We don't want to spoil the Princess's party by having the place raided."

"That'll be all right!" promised Jimmie with a lordly gesture. "I'll have Pop Levitsky bring the stuff to my room at the Commorbilt Hotel. You can come there with your car and take it away."

"Mother and I are to go into town Thursday for the final fittings of our Russian costumes," remarked Olga, who had joined her husband, "and we'll wait for you in Fashion Row after tea, Eric, if you want to carry out Jimmie's plan. But remember, vodka is a deceitful beverage. Don't imbibe too much of it before the party!"

Jimmie's persuasive personality and convincing pocketbook overcame the scruples of Pa and Ma Levitsky, and while they went in to arrange for the transfer of certain dark brown bottles from the cellar of the boarding house in humble Sussex Street to the magnificence of the Morton suite in the Commorbilt, Jimmie amused himself with the pretty Russian peasant girl who was busily pattering back and forth between the house and the adjoining fruit stall.

"Have you any bananas today?" he accosted her affably.

The girl looked puzzled, scrambled feverishly through her pocket dictionary for the Russian equivalent of that peculiar word, then, with a picturesque shrug, ran indoors. A moment later she came out triumphantly staggering under the weight of a bunch of bananas. Jimmie was still laughing when Pa Levitsky returned to report that everything was ready for transportation.

"So you and Zita have made friends," he beamed. "It is well that you should meet, for it is she who will notify you tomorrow at your hotel when I bring up my truck with the vodka. Take a good look at her."

"I'll never forget that sweet little face!" said Jimmie with unaccustomed feeling, smiling back into Zita's clear eyes. "So long, then, Miss Zither. See you tomorrow!"

Zita's progress in the ways of the New World had been phenomenal. She had a vocabulary of fifty-seven words, could find her way about on the East Side, and no longer felt like an escaped lunatic when she exchanged her picturesque Russian peasant costume for the prevailing American style. But never had she dreamed of such splendor and vastness as met her astonished eyes as she timidly advanced next afternoon into the lobby of the Commorbilt Hotel. Pa Levitsky, with

the truck of forbidden (bottled) fruit, was parked in the adjacent side street. He had given her Jimmie Morton's card and told her to tell the man at the desk that she was to see that gentleman personally.

"Sure, send her right up!" came Jimmie's cordial voice over the wire when the clerk somewhat dubiously informed him that a foreign girl was asking for his suite. "Stick around, old man," he told the docile Eric, "if you want to see a Russian peacherino! She's acting as the go-between for Pa Levitsky's vodka."

While Zita waited, dumb with admiration, for the bell-boy to show her up to the Morton suite, her wandering gaze encountered a superbly gowned young woman who had just left one of the tea-tables in the lobby, and was turning to address the handsome, middle-aged woman who accompanied her.

As Zita gazed enraptured at the exquisite toilette of the human fashion plate, the girl faced about and to her unspeakable amazement and delight she beheld her long-lost sister.

"Olga! My darling!" she cried, rushing up to embrace the lovely vision.

A start of unmistakable recognition, a haughty stare, and then the young woman replied coldly:

"I do not know you. I'm sorry!"

"But I am Zita, your little Zita!" The dazed peasant girl could not believe the evidence of her own senses—that never-to-be-forgotten poise of the beautiful head, those expressive eyes, now fixed with such hostility upon her—while within earshot, yet not understanding the dialogue, which had proceeded in Russian, the older woman looked on as if carved out of stone.

"Olga, dearest, surely you remember your only sister?" pleaded Zita.

"I have no sister!" came the incredible reply as, turning to the house detective who had come up, the richly gowned beauty said, in English, "This young person has made a mistake. She imagines that she knows me. That is, of course, impossible. I am the Princess Olga Farinova, the wife of Mr. Eric Van Corland. This lady is his mother."

Magic words and names to conjure with, both! Small wonder that the little Russian nobody soon found herself being courteously shown out of the hotel. And when the exasperated Jimmie phoned down to the desk clerk half an hour later, that worthy's announcement that the house detective had deposited the girl on the sidewalk confirmed Jimmie's worst fears.

"This young person has made a mistake," Olga explained haughtily, as the house detective laid a detaining hand on Zita. "She imagines that she knows me."

"It's just as you prophesied, Eric. Evidently the police had spotted Pa Levitsky, and now they've shooed off this picturesque little bootleggeress before she had a chance to deliver the goods. Just my luck!"

However, the list of telephone numbers in the Morton notebook was large and by the time the guests had begun to arrive that night at the brilliantly lighted grounds of the Van Corland estate a fresh supply of vodka and kindred spirits had been unearthed. Jimmie, in his costume as an officer of the late Czar, stood beside the picturesquely garbed Eric as the beautiful hostess came up. In the attire of a royal princess of ancient Russia, her satin gown stiff with jewels and gold brocade, Olga had never looked more regally beautiful.

"Why didn't you give the society editors a picture of yourself in this costume," inquired Jimmie admiringly, "instead of that back number taken when you were on the stage, in the rôle of a Gypsy dancing girl?"

Olga's cheeks went white beneath their rouge. "Is that the photograph the newspapers have used in their account of tonight's fête?" she asked. "They must have bribed my former press agent. I thought all of those ghastly things had been destroyed."

She walked away, still perturbed by the editorial *faux pas*, and Jimmie, inwardly commenting upon the idiosyncrasies of women, watched her disappear into a shaded arbor. Almost at the same moment he was surprised to see a hired taxi come to a halt among the resplendent limousines parked along the drive. But when a masked gentleman, cloaked and spurred in imperial style, leaped out and hurried toward Olga's place of concealment, he cynically decided that, after all, there might have been a reason for her desire to be alone, and for this belated guest's taxi-incognito.

Alexis Kaminoff could scarcely believe his good fortune when in an afternoon paper the proud face of the Russian dancing girl on whom he desired vengeance looked out at him. He had whistled when he read the caption beneath the picture. So she was the wife of a multi-millionaire, and posing as a royal princess? So much the greater the blow when it fell, then. He had told the chauffeur to wait for him a short distance down the road and, catching sight of Olga disappearing

"Oh, Olga, my wife!" Eric clasped the dying woman in his arms. "What does it matter who you are—what you have done? Only live! Live for me!"

into the arbor just as it drew up, he was close upon her heels when she sank down wearily on a garden seat. She looked up in surprise as her masked guest darted forward and, thrusting a note into her hand, vanished swiftly into the shadows. Her heart came into her throat as she glanced at the crumpled paper and saw that the writing was in Russian.

"Your sister Zita is in dire need of you. She is at 143 Sussex Street, New York, one flight up. Come quickly. It is a matter of life and death."

The note was unsigned, but the unhappy woman, whose conscience had driven her almost mad every moment since that afternoon's base denial of the only human being on earth whom she loved better than herself, did not hesitate. Flying to her room, she flung off her elaborate costume, donned street clothes, and ordered her astonished chauffeur to drive her to the Grand Central Station, New York. Even in her panic Olga's keen wits warned her to cover her tracks. After dismissing her own car at the station it would be easy to hire a taxi.

But neither the masquerading wife of Eric Van Corland nor the astute Alexis Kaminoff had reckoned on the curiosity of one, Jimmie Morton. When, at almost the same moment he had followed Olga into the arbor the mysterious taxi passenger had emerged from it only to bolt by unfrequented paths toward the highroad, it was too much for Jimmie. Fleetly as a rabbit he dashed in pursuit. When he saw the man re-enter the waiting taxi, he commandeered the empty car of one of the guests and sped after it, more and more nonplussed as, upon crossing the river into Manhattan, the taxi zig-zagged over to the East Side and at last came to a halt before Pa Levitsky's boarding house. Had he wasted all this time and gas on a fool bootlegger after all?

But scarcely had the cloaked and still masked individual disappeared into the house than a second taxi drew up before Number 143, and Jimmie's heart missed a beat as he saw the wife of Eric Van Corland step out and cautiously ascend the steps. Gaining entrance through the areaway, he crept into the house ahead of her. In the hall he listened suspiciously and drew back into the shelter of the stairs as the man he had followed, now in his shirt sleeves, with the mask removed from his ugly, scarred face, emerged from another room and knocked on a door one flight up. A woman's voice in a foreign tongue asked a question as she furtively looked out, but, instead of answering, the man shouldered his way in, closing the door behind him.

Again Jimmie flattened himself against the wall as Olga glided up the stairs and paused doubtfully outside the closed door. At her light tap it flew open, to shut instantly again. A key turned in the lock. Then Jimmie heard Olga's voice raised inquiringly, but the words were Russian. He crept closer. A guttural, gloating reply was given. There was a moment of agonizing suspense, then a cry of mortal terror, unmistakably in Olga's tones.

Jimmie made a running jump at the door, bursting its ancient hinges. Inside he saw a sight that froze his blood. The ugly brute had Olga down and was slowly choking the breath from her body. No one else was in the room, but from a closet in the corner came a woman's moans. Young Morton lunged himself at the burly Russian. From that moment he saw red. When he recovered sanity the room was full of excited foreigners, Pa Levitsky among them, declaring in a mixture of English and Russian that this was a respectable boarding house and that never before had a murder ever taken place there. A policeman was phoning for an ambulance, while another was thrusting back the crowd that surged around the still, white form of Olga.

"Just as we rushed into the room," the policeman was phoning, "this Kaminoff fellow fired at the young American he was fighting with. The woman evidently saw him take aim, for she flung herself in range and the

(*Continued on Page* 28)

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your first husband's death." His eyes searched the woman's pale face.

"I've never had any proof but the clipping in the paper stating that he was killed in a train wreck."

"Why didn't you ever show it to me?"

"Because I lost it—and isn't my word sufficient?"

"Somehow this man speaks with conviction, dear."

"Horace, can't you understand what you are doing by questioning my honor? I see you don't trust me, you don't believe me."

There was a tremor of wounded pride in her voice.

"Why, of course I do."

"No; there is doubt in your eyes. Suspicion has taken the place of love." A few steps brought Horace to her side, but she gently pushed him away and addressed the other man. "Mr. Buchanan——"

He interrupted her angrily. "You know my name's not Buchanan, it's Longworth." Helen still continued in the same subdued tone:

"Mr. Longworth, we all have some chivalry in us, even in this age. No matter how bad we are, there's always some good in the worst of us, so I'm going to appeal to that good in you. You must realize that you have made a grave error. You have taken me for some one else. This is a serious case of mistaken identity. You have come here tonight either innocently or for a criminal purpose. If you expect this visit to bring you any money by extortion, or blackmail, you are wasting your time, as nothing you can say or do will change my husband's faith in me. So far you have done no harm. I have been married to Mr. Rhodes," the stranger advised. We want them to continue to be so. You are the first shadow that's ever come into our lives, so won't you please go away?"

"Yes, if you'll come with me," was the quick response. Helen's whole attitude changed immediately. She was no longer begging for mercy, as she directed: "Horace, call the police!"

"I wouldn't if I were you, Mr. Rhodes," the stranger advised." "Bigamy's an ugly word."

"So you're still under the impression that my wife is your wife."

"It's no impression—it's a fact. She *is* my wife."

"Well, what do you want?"

"What rightfully belongs to me, or the equivalent."

"Money?"

"You're a good guesser."

"Why shouldn't I call the police and have you arrested?"

"Because you're too sensible a man to do that. I would be released in the morning, but your wife might be held."

Horace gazed long and searchingly at the unwelcome guest. His next question was to be a deciding one.

"Why have you kept quiet for five years, if you knew that your wife had married again without being legally divorced?"

"I was paid to keep quiet."

"Who paid you?"

"I'd rather not say."

There was a threat in Horace's voice as he again repeated the question.

"Who paid you?"

"I did." He swung around to stare at Helen, convinced that he had not heard correctly. "I did." Again the two words came ever so faintly. This time there was no mistaking who had spoken. His brain refused to act. He felt a numbed cold creep over his body. His lips moved slowly.

"You did? Why?"

"Because—he—is—my—husband!"

"Husband? Helen, you don't know what you're saying! This man is your husband?"

"Yes."

Horace Rhodes never shirked a responsibility, so with a supreme effort he pulled his scattered nerves together, determined to get at the root of the trouble that threatened to undermine the foundation of his home. His voice was gentle, sympathetic.

"Why didn't you play fair with me? Don't you see how unjustly, how dishonorably you acted? If you had only told me, I would have waited gladly. You were the only woman, Helen."

The three figures in this unfortunate domestic triangle sat in silence—the husband, the wife and the other man. It was fully a minute before Helen's low, modulated tones broke the stillness:

"You're right. I should have waited. I should have been the cold, tactful, scheming woman without a heart, without a soul. I had just passed through five years of hell with that man when you came into my life. I didn't ask you, I didn't need you, I didn't want you—I didn't want any man. I just wanted to forget the misery I had been through, the suffering. I wanted to be alone, but you wouldn't let me. You pursued me with your persistent tenderness, consideration and protection, until you made me care. I was not living with my husband. We had agreed to separate and never see each other. I couldn't get a divorce because the law was blind and my husband too clever. You, Horace, meant the happiness that I had been cheated out of all my life—so I was willing to risk everything and take a chance. I paid him a weekly salary for that chance until my money gave out, and now he's here demanding his pound of flesh for my soul, for five years of happiness—but I'm glad I've had those five years. You can send me to prison, but I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm *glad!*"

Now that she had told all there was great relief in the spasms of sobbing that racked her body. Horace gently stroked her head and, looking over at Longworth, demanded: "How much do you want to keep away forever?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Don't give him a cent, Horace," Helen interrupted quickly. "He'll break his word to you, just as he has to me. You can't trust him."

"Mr. Rhodes, I was willing to make a gentleman's agreement. I now withdraw that. When I leave here tonight, I'm going to take my wife with me."

"I'll have something to say about that." As Horace spoke he quickly walked over to the center table and took a revolver from the drawer.

"Now you get out!" He pointed the pistol at the intruder.

"I'm not afraid of that gun. You wouldn't shoot me—you're too much of a coward."

Horace pulled the trigger twice. The revolver clicked harmlessly but didn't explode. Longworth, however,

crumpled to the floor, and with great effort spoke in a gasping voice:

"You're spunkier than I thought you were. You shot me all right, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't," the astonished man blurted out. "This gun's empty." He bent over and broke the barrel. "What happened to you?"

"A weak heart," he breathed feebly. His head fell forward and he lay absolutely still. Horace knelt down at his side and shook him. "Longworth! Longworth!" But there was no response. Quietly Helen walked over and gazed at the inert body stretched on the floor. The lines of trouble that had appeared upon her pretty face a few minutes ago had melted away into a radiant smile of happiness. There was a ring of triumph in her voice.

"He died of heart disease, and at last I'm free! I'm free! There is justice in the world."

Horace looked up in bewilderment, his eyes careworn and drawn.

"Helen, I'm guilty of that man's death."

"They can never hold you."

"Not legally, but morally I'm—" She put her hand over his mouth, and would not let him speak the word.

"Please don't say it."

Then a burst of hysterical laughter filled the room, laughter which made the blood in Horace's veins run cold. Next came her calm, even tones.

"I hope this will teach you a lesson, you and a few others who hold their wives' talent cheaply. I think I have proved to you tonight that my scenario was possible. You were easy to fool, you wise moving picture director, who thought you knew it all."

"You mean you framed me?"

"Yes, dear, in a great big frame."

"And you're not a bigamist?"

"No, darling, I'm an optimist."

"And he isn't dead?"

Horace pointed to where Longworth's body was lying *hors de combat.*

"I should say not," gleefully rang out the would-be corpse as he sat up.

"Who sent you here?" Horace thundered as he jerked "Longworth" to his feet.

Helen stepped forward with a bewitching smile, her eyes aglow with love, intermingled with a twinkle of mischievousness. Her words were like a wonderful song to Horace, who just a few moments before thought he had lost her forever.

"Why, it was Mr. Stevens, the play broker, who framed the whole scheme to have you take the leading part in the scenario you thought was impossible. This gentleman was engaged to play the part of Longworth, my Enoch Arden husband. And by the way, he is to receive $250 for his services, besides the $500 you lost to Mr. Stevens."

Horace glared ferociously at the grinning "Longworth," as he savagely remarked:

"Oh, why didn't that gun have real bullets in it!"

The next moment his usual good-natured smile brightened his face as he put his arms about his wife, holding her tightly for fear that some one else might claim her.

Illustration through the courtesy of Miss Claire Vincent.

FASHION ROW

(*Continued from Page* 24)

bullet went through her heart. We shot at the Russian and finally got him. He'll never commit any more crimes. No, I'm afraid the lady won't live."

There was a commotion on the stairs, followed by the tumultuous entrance of Eric Van Corland. He had gone to Olga's room when she had failed to rejoin her guests, and there found in her discarded costume the fatal note. Driving like mad to the address it contained, he arrived just as his wife regained consciousness.

At that same moment Jimmie Morton became aware that the moans in the closet had never been investigated. He flung open the door and out tumbled the pretty little Russian girl he had expected at the hotel that afternoon. More dead than alive, she staggered across the room and knelt at the feet of the dying Olga.

Slowly the soft eyes of the "Princess Farinova" met hers.

"Little sister, forgive me," she breathed, "and heed my last words. Stay sweet, always. Goodness and love are the only things that matter."

Eric Van Corland, with an uncontrollable sob, gathered the limp form into his arms. Olga's gaze sought his piteously.

"It was because I loved you so that I continued my deception," she murmured. "Often I longed to tell you that I was only a humble peasant, but birth meant so much to you and your mother that I feared if you knew I was not a princess you would spurn me—and I could not bear the thought of living without you."

"Oh, my darling, what does it matter who you are, what you have done?" cried Eric. nly live! Live for me, my own!"

But with a shuddering sigh Olga Farinova fell back in his arms. Zita crossed herself devoutly. The policeman tapped the stricken husband on the shoulder.

"She is gone, sir!" he told him huskily.

Only time could heal Eric Van Corland's broken heart, but in service to the Russian people, through the great relief organization that was working among the starving peasants, he found a measure of comfort. It was what Olga would have wished by way of atonement for her own errors. And the knowledge that his mother had taken sweet little Zita into her heart and was supervising her education, quite forgetful of the fact that she was "only a peasant," proved to him that even the most prejudiced false pride yields to simplicity and purity of soul.

"Some day Jimmie Morton will steal away our little Zita," his mother's last letter had prophesied, "and if he searched the world over he could not find a lovelier, more lovable bride."

And, singularly enough, Mrs. Van Corland's sentiments were seconded by that impressionable young man, and in due time Fashion Row, which, despite its love of fine feathers and folly and its tendency to gossip, is always human, looked on indulgently as the handsomest pair of newlyweds the season had produced wended their way rapturously through its midst.

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So that's that! Another lady who has just visited the City of the Angels, Madame Maeterlinck, has not the same admiration for our movie stars as lovers. In her "Love Clinic" which she is conducting she told her auditors the other day that American men did not know how to woo a woman.

"They learn from watching the movies," she said with a Gaelic shrug, "and that is terrible! Those movie heroes, they *hunch up the shoulders* before they embrace. Oh, la, la!"

DOROTHY DONNELL.

THE FORGOTTEN WIFE

(*Continued from Page* 10)

Suzanne's soft lips quivered. She looked away, not attempting any explanation, and Corinne was compelled, with Judge Henry's contemptuous glare upon her, to beat a retreat.

There was a stir of amazement and admiration when a few moments later the Judge, with Suzanne on his arm, entered the ballroom. In her unmistakably Parisian gown, the French girl was a picture not soon to be forgotten. Instantly she was surrounded by the most eligible men present, all beseeching her for a dance.

Outside, moody and perplexed, Donald Allen had sought refuge from the confusion in a quiet smoke. It all seemed so meaningless. Sometimes he wondered why they had taken the trouble to restore his memory, if life was to go as futilely and purposelessly as this, and if it was to be his unhappy lot to marry Corinne McRea! He groaned aloud at the thought. An apologetic cough warned him that Meadows had come out on the balcony.

"Begging your pardon, sir, but the lady as was with you and which you told us was your wife is inside," announced the old servant.

"What!" the world suddenly became a place of wonder and delight to the young host. "Where?" he demanded.

Almost running into the ballroom, Major Allen looked about wildly. Suddenly on the far side of the room he saw a dainty little figure with Robert Whiting. The poise of the curly head, the rounded chin—surely, these were the same that belonged to that dream-girl who came to him every night in his sleep! He bounded through the dancers and almost tore Robert Whiting from his partner's arms.

A pair of lustrous brown eyes were lifted to his, a lovely eager little face looked up at him.

"Are you my wife?" gasped Donald Allen.

Even the musicians stopped playing in the tenseness of the moment. Every eye was focussed upon the two.

Corinne McRea, white to the lips, sprang forward.

"You probably won't care to hear, in the presence of your honored friends and equals, just what relation this woman bore to you," she sneered.

Judge Henry turned upon her fiercely. Suzanne's eyes were suffused with tears. But before Donald Allen could repeat his question the French windows leading into the garden were flung open by two plainclothes men. Between them stood a red-faced gentlemen who, pointing an accusing finger at the girl for whose answer he breathlessly waited, shouted:

"She's all dolled up, but she's the girl that stole my car!"

"John! Sav' me!" Involuntarily Suzanne turned toward Major Allen.

The quaint little accent, the lovely, beseeching eyes awoke something dormant in Major Allen's brain. With a glad cry he held out his arms.

"Suzanne," he pleaded joyously. "My wife!"

"Officers, arrest that woman!" Corinne McRea's voice snapped.

The next moment every light in the great house went out. Meadows, whose shrewd eyes had missed no move of the woman he hated, had anticipated Corinne McRea's trump card, and in the same instant that he had thrown the master-switch controlling all the electric current in the house, he had plunged back into the ballroom. Luck was with him, and his sibilant "Mrs. Rolfe!" brought Suzanne instantly to his side. Docilely she laid her hand in his, and the next moment was speeding with him to the long line of automobiles parked outside.

"Take this one, Madame," he helped her into a luxurious roadster. "It belongs to Judge Henry, and is the fastest auto here."

By the time candles had been produced and lighted, Suzanne was well on her way, the plainclothes men swearing helplessly as they watched the rapidly disappearing lights of Judge Henry's car.

Donald Allen did not wait to explain his sudden disappearance. He rushed to the garage, and was a swift streak down the road by the time the guests had discovered his absence.

"He's got the only car that will ever overtake mine," grunted Judge Henry, when Meadows apprised him of his master's movements, "but, after all I've done for those two, why in heck did they have to pick out my automobile for the get-away? Now I've got to walk home, I suppose."

The hour was late by the time the doughty barrister at last reached his own front porch. With a sigh of relief he let himself in and made for the drawing-room. His shoes were new and tight, and the long walk had been torture to his tired feet.

"Martha, I'm going to take my shoes off downstairs," he greeted his faithful old servant, as he eased off one patent leather.

As he deposited it carefully on the rug his eye caught the unmistakable outline of a masculine foot protruding from behind the davenport.

"What the——" he began, but Martha, her finger on her lips, enjoined silence.

Stealthily the two tiptoed across the room and peered over the top of the davenport.

There, curled up in each other's arms, sleeping the sleep of the just and the physically all in, reposed Donald Allen and Suzanne.

"Well, I said that his was the only car in Long Island that would ever catch up with mine," grunted the Judge. "But don't wake 'em up, Martha. We'll vamoose, you and I, and let Mr. and Mrs. Donald Allen spend the first night of their honeymoon right here."

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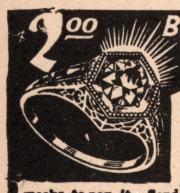

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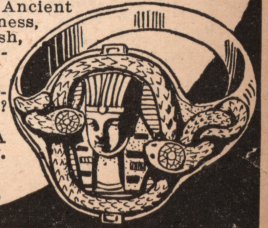

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The Actor On The Cover---Rudolph Valentino

RUDOLPH VALENTINO was born in a small town in Southern Italy, Castellaneto by name, in May, 1895. After preliminary schooling in towns nearby he was sent to an agricultural college, for his father had decided to educate him to become a scientific farmer. However, this was not Rudolph's choice, and when his parent's death left a little money at his disposal he resolved to see something of the world. After roaming about the Continent he finally came to America. He had not been enjoying the extravagances of New York's Broadway very long before he found that his funds were depleted and it was necessary for him to apply himself to the inevitable task of earning his own living. As dancing seemed to be his one tangible asset it was to this he turned.

His work soon attracted attention and it was not long before he became the partner of the already famous Miss Bonnie Glass. Later Miss Joan Sawyer, one of America's popular dancers, chose him to dance with her, and in cabarets and on the vaudeville stage he became a well-known figure. However, this life was not to Valentino's liking, and, when the opportunity offered he migrated to California, with a motion picture career in view. Nevertheless, even to this handsome and dashing young man the doors of movieland did not readily open, and he was again forced to commercialize his dancing.

In the ballroom of the Los Angeles and the Pasadena hotels he became popular as a dancer of great skill, and it was while thus engaged that he obtained an offer to appear in pictures. It was in Universal's "Once to Every Woman" that he played his first rôle, but it was not so successful as he had hoped it would be and it was not until Miss June Mathis saw his possibilities and persuaded Rex Ingram, the director, to cast him for *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," of which she had adapted the scenario, that his real opportunity arrived. It was a splendid rôle and admirably suited to this suave and polished young man. His immediate winning of public approval is now motion picture history.

After a trip through Europe and a triumphant visit to his own home town Rudie is again at work at the Paramount Long Island studios on "Monsieur Beaucaire," a production that is eagerly awaited by an expectant public.

"The Conquering Power" and "Camille" followed this and then Paramount presented him in the colorful rôle of *The Sheik* and his success was made. He became the most popular leading man of the hour. He next distinguished himself with Dorothy Dalton in "Moran of the *Lady Letty*," and with Gloria Swanson in "Beyond the Rocks" he won still greater honors. Having by this time signed a contract with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation to be starred in Paramount pictures, his next appearance was as the star of "Blood and Sand." His great personal triumph in this Ibanez rôle added further to his laurels. "The Young Rajah" was his next starring production and now, his difficulties with the Paramount corporation finally settled, he is at work at that company's Long Island studios in "Monsieur Beaucaire," by Booth Tarkington, under the direction of Sidney Olcott.

And nothing has been spared to make the star's returning vehicle one that will come up to the greatest expectations of the waiting public. The elaborateness of the Court of Louis XV has been reproduced in all the gorgeousness of costuming and scenery and the supporting players have been chosen with the greatest care. The cast includes Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Helene Chadwick, Lowell Sherman, Paulette DuVal, Flora Finch, John Davidson, Oswald Yorke and Lewis Waller.

And for the benefit of those fans who have met Rudie only on the screen we add that he is five feet eleven inches in height and weighs 156 pounds. He has brown eyes and very straight, glossy, brown hair. His greatest hobby is riding, and his favorite animal, the police dog.

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